

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1882.

NO 25.

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SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bells,
Thy mellow notes I love to hear;
I was a boy when first they fell
In melody upon mine ear.
In those dear days long past and gone,
When sporting here in boyish glee,
The magic of thy Sabbath tone
Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed
Out o'er the world, far, far away,
But thy dear tones have round me played
On every lovely Sabbath day.
When strolling o'er the mighty plains,
Spread widely in the unpeopled west,
Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains
Tolling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountain crest
Where Christian feet have never trod,
In the deep bosom of the west,
I've thought of thee and worshipped God.
Ring on, sweet bells! I've come again
To hear the cherished call to prayer,
There's less of pleasure now than pain
In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bells, ring on!
Once more I've come with whitened head
To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!
And ere this Sabbath day has sped
I shall be gone, and may no more
Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bells!
Dear church and bells, so loved of yore,
And childhood's happy home, farewell!

HOW GODFREY HORTON CHOSE A WIFE.

"Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back in his chair and put his feet upon the mantle-piece, "when is the wedding to be?"
"Whose wedding?"
"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which is it?"
"I do not know, I am sure."
"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a most constant visitor, and all our set are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters."
"How do you know either of them will have me?"
"Don't be absurd, old boy. You, young, handsome, talented, and with a large fortune need not be overbashful. Come be frank—which is the favorite sister?"
"Well, frankly, then, Henry, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the handsomest, with her flashing black eyes and queenly manner, but Jennie seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is the signal for cordial welcome and smiles; and let me enter at what hour I will, they are always well dressed and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always in the mornings, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and notice the internal economy."
"How can I? A card at the door will put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor."
"Go there in disguise—as a washerwoman, for instance."
"Good! I will!"
"Will you go there as a washerwoman?" cried Clayton.
"Not exactly, but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy."
"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower; who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in very fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somers' place, after nearly ten years' mourning, and although a kind, indulgent parent, had no objection to his daughters' marriage, and indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a stepmother, had already selected Godfrey Horton as her future husband; and Jenny, who was younger and gentler in spirit, tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attractions were ascribed, by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness or courtesy touched her very heart. It was the morning after a large ball, and the sisters were in the breakfast-room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough tumbled braids of last evening's elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presenting rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ball room belle, was lounging on a sofa. Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron little white collar and hair smoothly brushed into a neat knot, was washing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining room door: "will you see him?"
"No," said Jenny.
"Yes," cried Laura, "send him up." The servant departed to obey the last order. In a few moments the old man came in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket he carried on the table, and opened it.
"I have a bunch of blue flowers here," he said, taking them from the basket, "that will suit your golden hair, Miss," and he held them before Jenny.
"It is my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny, quietly.

"Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny as she washed, wiped and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it, and then sat down by Laura, who was still looking over the basket.

"See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch: will it not be lovely, with a few dark leaves, to wear with my new silk?"
"But," whispered Jenny, "you can't afford it just now."

"Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday—"

"To pay the last dry goods bill," said Jenny.

"Well, I can have that carried to my private account."
"Oh, Laura! I hate to hear you talk of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

"Nonsense! It will stand till I am married, and then I can easily save it out of my housekeeping money."

"I should not like to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The old peddler looked earnestly at the sisters.

"You had better take this blue bunch, Miss," he said to Jenny, "if it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call again."

"No, I shall not take them."

"They are very becoming. Miss, look in the glass."

"They were becoming, mixed with the glossy, golden hair, and setting off Jenny's dazzling complexion."

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I should like to wear blue."

Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-me-nots were his favorite flowers.

Jenny colored and placing the bunch again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time, probably, is valuable." Then passing a chair, she added: "Be seated, sir; you look tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.

"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red camellias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you cannot afford it."

"Yes, I can; Godfrey Horton is rich," the old man bit his lips.

"Thank," said Jenny, in a low tone, "if you love him, how much it will aggravate him if he should discover this deceit."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is housekeeper. Miss Laura always gave me to understand that that was her post."

"Laura! steal from father!"

"Then don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant entering at that moment, "the dinner has come."

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, his eye, in the meantime running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, whilst he mentally contrasted them with Jenny's neat attire.

"Not decided yet?" said Jenny after a short absence.

"No. Come here."

"I can't! Father has sent home a calf's head, and I am afraid to trust it entirely to Margaret. I must superintend dinner, make a pudding, and there is my white mull to be finished."

"Before I would be the drudge you are!" cried Laura.

"Drudge! nonsense I have plenty of time left for enjoyment; and father cannot have a comfortable house if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry you may do it, and she laughed merrily."

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura. "There; I have chosen all I want."

"Shall I call again for the change?" said the peddler. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers."

"Yes, call again."

So the peddler took up his basket, walked home, threw aside his wig, beard and disguise, and wrote an offer of his hand and heart to Miss Virginia Somers, which was accepted.

Laura Somers has two sources of profound speculation: One is—"Why did Godfrey Horton propose to Jenny instead of me?" The other—"I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers."

Many Ancestors.

A child was born in Denver, Colorado, not long since, of Nova Scotia parentage, who can boast of fourteen living ancestors. The child's name is Meek. His father's name is Arthur E. Meek, now of Denver, Colorado, a son of William Meek, of Canning, Kings county, and grandson of John Dimock, of Berwick, Kings county. The child has a father, mother, two grandmothers, four great-grandfathers, and four great-grandmothers, all of whom are living and well. Their entire ages are 861 years. Mrs. Tupper, widow of the late Dr. Tupper, who furnishes the information, is a relative of the hero of this paragraph.

A Fair Show.

"Mrs. Caroon, you are charged with disturbing the peace," said his Honor to a woman weighing 180 pounds and who had a head as round as a cannon ball.

"Me disturb the peace! Now, then, who could have told such a lie about me!" she exclaimed in virtuous indignation.

"It is here recorded that you climbed a line-fence seven feet high, dropped into a neighbor's yard, and then there did beat, wound, bruise and assault one Mrs. O'Rourke."

"Me! Me climb a seven foot fence! Me beat Mrs. O'Rourke! O grave where is thy sting! Judge, you don't know me."

"Well, I think this is our first meeting."

"You don't begin to know me! Why, I'm the most peaceful, docile and sweet tempered woman in Detroit. I'll give anybody \$50 to prove that I ever hurt a fly. It must have been some other Caroon—indeed it must."

"I'll call the witness. Mrs. O'Rourke, please step forward."

Mrs. O'Rourke was a small woman, with a peaked nose and a look of silent sorrow on her face. She had her head tied up with a red-bordered towel, and there were two long strips of court plaster on her face.

"Witness do you recognize the prisoner?"

"Y-yes, I think I do."

"Does she live next door to you?"

"Yes."

"State what occurred yesterday."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. O'Rourke added the prisoner, "state what occurred yesterday. Tell the court what loving friends we have always been, and how gently I nursed you all the time you had the bilious fever."

"Well, she'd been slandering my husband," said the witness, as she turned to the desk.

"Slandering your husband—your kind, faithful husband! Mrs. O'Rourke, how can you—how can you!"

"She had also talked about me, and yesterday morning, when I saw her out in the yard, I told her she must quit it. At that she climbed the fence."

"Climbed the fence! O, my dear Mrs. O'Rourke, think of a woman like me climbing a fence. Please take it back."

"She climbed the fence and said she would make mince meat of me, and if our dog hadn't bitten her in the leg I guess she'd have killed me."

"Those hurts were received at her hands, were they?"

"Yes sir, besides several pinches on my arms."

"O, Mrs. O'Honor—oh, Judge O'Rourke, it's all a mistake!" cried the prisoner. "This woman eats opium, and it was all a hall—hallucination or whatever you call it! Look at me your Honor! See how calm and peaceful and docile I am! I wouldn't take the life of a bed-bug, to say nothing about almost murdering the nearest friend I have on earth. Mrs. O'Rourke come over till I hug you."

"There is no hugging in this case," remarked the court. "Mrs. Caroon, you are fined ten dollars or sent up for sixty days."

"O, sir, and I'm so docile!"

"Can't help that. Please retire to the corridor."

"I can't—I can't. It's all a mistake and I must go home! Judge, I'm a docile woman."

"That's what you are sent up for. Fall back."

Bijah escorted her to the corridor, and they had scarcely disappeared when he cried for help. Two officers rushed in and found the docile woman holding him against the wall and kicking his shins until his heart ached. She was pulled off, but it took the three to get her into a cell, and when the key had been turned she cried out:

"Cowards of the law, you dare not give a docile woman a fair show at you!"

A Living Wonder.

Mr. Kempster lives at Denver, Colorado. He has an ugly scar on his forehead about which he tells the following story. It occurred while he was duck-hunting in New Jersey on the 23d of September, 1880. Said Mr. Kempster:

"I wandered into the marshes about a mile and a half from the little village and finally obtained a good shot at a flock of ducks who were swimming in a shallow slough. I fired, and tant was the last I remembered for some time. When I recovered consciousness I was lying flat upon my back, the sun beating down on me. I knew that I was wounded, but for many minutes could not imagine where the injury was. Better sense came to me slowly and with it strength. I felt something trickle down my forehead, and putting up my hand touched a thin coating that proved to be mingled blood and brains. Then I appreciated that the gun had exploded or discharged itself through the breech, and that something had penetrated my forehead. I raised my hand a second time, and felt the smaller end of a breech pin protruding from my head. I immediately thought all was over, and commenced to make my peace with God in prayer. I grew stronger and more conscious of my condition, however, and in the hope of securing surgical aid that

might save my life, I struggled to my feet. A heaviness, as if my brain cavity was loaded with lead, was all that I suffered. Everything appeared natural to me; the trees, the shrubbery and the marshes, and even the path I had taken was distinct to my mind. I was ever thoughtful enough to pick up the broken gun and examine it. The stock was separated from the barrels—imbedded in my brain was the absent breech-pin.

"I walked back to the village. It seemed an age before I got there, the invisible weight on my head bending my knees and bearing me to the ground. I never rested, though but kept on, with only a vague hope for life encouraging me. When I arrived at the hotel where I was stopping, the people, seeing me, fled as if a ghost were approaching through the daylight. When I told the clerk to go for a surgeon he stood pale-faced. I grew mad and shouted at him to find a surgeon or I would die, and then I fell to the floor speechless. I was again unconscious until the operation had been performed and the iron pin was taken from off my brain. It was a bungling piece of work, two country physicians, who knew as much about surgery as I do of Choctaw, hacking and hewing and sawing my head until they had opened it, as you can see, more than two and a half inches. Then I was put on the train and sent to New York. Until unconsciousness came to my relief again I was in the most terrible agony, my brain aching as though a thousand daggers were piercing it. I remember being placed in the hospital ambulance; the remarks of by-standers that I could not live; the jolting ride through the streets, the ringing of the ambulance bell, which sounded like a death knell to me, and after that all was blank. It was several days before I again came to, and so well I recollect that first query I made to the doctor: 'Was there any probability that my life would be safe? Four months afterwards I was once more at the desk grinding away as if my brains were intact.'

Where the breechpin entered Mr. Kempster's head, there is a space of about a half-inch in diameter where the bullet touches the brain and moves with each pulsation of the organ. A cutting of the skull would expose the brain.

A Pagoda of Flowers.

At a recent floral festival in California a pagoda of flowers was exhibited in the construction of which not less than two thousand roses were employed. Most artistically were they arranged, shading from the deepest dyes of crimson at the base to the purest white at the summit.

The roof was composed solely of roses, being laid in rows of first one rich color and then another. Its floor was a bed of tiny golden bell ferns, and among them stood a globe of fishes, swimming, all unconscious of the superabundance of their surroundings. Here also were shown red Japonicas full, large, and beautiful, plucked from a bush which since January last is said to have borne one thousand flowers.

Upon a table stood a lyre five and a half feet in height and of proportionate width, made entirely of roses, with strings of white banksia. The table was further ornamented by a handsome tuft of feathery pampas plumes. Baskets and bouquets of roses were here displayed almost without number, while just enough vases of rare flowers were interspersed to break any monotony which might arise from so vast a number of roses.

Across the aisle on a table twenty-two feet long were found not less than a carload of blossoms. The name and address of the grower was mosaiced in daisies upon a bed of seeding verbenas, framed in the massive leaves of the bouquet. Suspended was a snowy dove of banksia, bearing in its mouth the literal olive branch. A lovely wreath of white lilies, roses, clematis, syringa, amaryllis and fabianas ornamented the centre. A star of Scotch bloom and white verbenas, an oblique cross of roses, an anchor of immortelles and blue iris were among other ornaments. Here was also a fine display of seedlings and their floral freaks, one an off-spring of the familiar Bon Salene rose. Another a lemon-colored rose, with a distinct odor of the lemon. White camellias and golden marguerites were conspicuous.

Railroad Lands.

According to a report from the former secretary of the interior, Kirkwood, the following land grants were made to seven railroad corporations:

Acres.

Atlantic & Pacific.....40,690,650

Texas Pacific.....14,309,760

Northern Pacific.....48,275,040

Oregon branch, Cent'l Pacific. 2,126,526

Oregon & California.....3,701,760

Southern Pacific.....5,511,264

New Orleans Pacific.....903,218

This is an area larger than the New England and the middle states. Before the expiration of the time set in the granting acts the corporations actually owned 18,615,196 acres under the conditions of the grants. Since that time it is estimated that they have earned 14,261,844. There remains 82,500,000 acres claimed by these corporations and withheld from settlement, though not really held to the railroads under the strict terms of the grants.

A Kangaroo Motion.

He came out of the side gate with a kangaroo motion to his legs, and an expression of countenance that would have frozen a tramp into a solid block of ice in six seconds. Then he turned, and while he held to the fence with one hand he shook the other at the house in a wild, strange manner. Then he stood on one foot and felt of the other as tenderly as if he was caressing a new-blown rose. "Was it all there?" He seemed to doubt, and that same wild expression floated over his countenance as again and again he waved his arm around his head and shook his fist at an unseen enemy.

A white scared face appeared at a window. And the man danced up and down on his leg and cried out:

"Never! Never again on earth!"

A white hand behind the glass beckoned to him, but he waved his arm and replied:

"I won't! I'll send up six men with blocks and tackle!"

The white face was pressed against the pane and the blue eyes had a beseeching look, but the man hobbled along on the grass and growled out:

"I'll smash the infernal thing with an axe!"

Then a lady appeared in the door and seemed to want to explain something, but he threw down his hat with an awful whack and interrupted her with:

"I tell ye I'm going down town to have this foot amputated, and, when you see me clumping around with an old wooden pedestal you'll remember that I told you we ought to turn the house around instead of trying to move that old cook-stove into the back kitchen!"

Poorer in Cash.

The American ship Mariposa, owned by her master, Manson, sailed from Liverpool on the 9th of January, side by side with the British ship Thomas Stevens. Each was loaded alike and bound for this port. This circumstance prompted the captains to make a wager of \$1,000, Manson claiming that he would arrive at this port, discharge, take on another cargo, and dip his ensign to the Thomas Stevens before she crossed the imaginary line of the Golden Gate. The American arrived here about eleven days ago, and by strenuous efforts did discharge and load within a week. Determined upon winning both gold and glory, no expense was spared, and seamen were offered \$150 for the run back to Liverpool, and were given checks for this amount in advance. Last Sunday night the Mariposa procured her complement of sixteen men besides her officers. Everything was ready for departure. The Britisher was still upon the blue and vasty deep, and all was joy and good nature on the Mariposa.

But as the sun rose yesterday morning the tired lookout of the Mariposa sat with his eye toward the gate. Slowly there came a sail, and as it neared and entered the harbor the telescope of the lookout discerned the Thomas Stevens.

"My—, captain; the Stevens!" he cried, and fainted in the cook's arms. It was too true. There she was, coming in with everything set, and her nose away under the water. At 11.30, at least six hours after the arrival of the Stevens, the Mariposa wended her weary way out into the cold ocean, bearing out with her a man who was foaming at the mouth and \$1,000 poorer in cash.

The Desert Land Tortoise.

A tortoise which is as large as a good-sized bucket, is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona. One being dissected it was found that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart.

Professor Cox was of opinion that the water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveller suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise. They are highly prized by Mexicans, who make from them a delicious soup. They are often-times attacked by foes both for their water and also for their flesh. They are overcome by the foxes and killed by being dragged for miles over the country at a pretty rapid pace.

Mr. Redding afterwards stated that he was on the Gallapagos Islands in 1849, where he assisted in capturing ninety-two land tortoises, varying in weight from 450 pounds to 500 pounds each. These they brought to San Francisco, where they sold them for more money than the whole of the ship's cargo of lumber made. They were two months on board, yet they neither ate nor drank anything, though food and water were offered them. When killed, however, considerable quantities of water were found in each of them. They lived on the high lava rocks of the islands, where there are no springs or streams, and the only dependence of animal life for water is necessarily upon the irregular and uncertain rain showers.

"Take Someth'ing."

A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of the State. Reaching a town in the central part of the State, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply. "But how had I best proceed?"

"Well, you kin put her up over on the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd, I guess no one will object."

"Very well."

"Next Tuesday is market-day, and ther'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"Set the old things going, and ask the boys ever to drink something."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanation, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about two minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"If you have to talk any more tell 'em there's another drink ahead."

"I see."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys ther'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eyes peeled, and if you see any signs of a row ask the whole crowd to drink."

"Yes, but—"

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yaller pup begin to bristle up, ask the crowd to step up and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the wind-mill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me out to take smuthin'?"

Fast Railroad Lines.

The innovation of the Pennsylvania Railway in its fast trains between New York and Chicago suggests comparisons with lines abroad. The famous Flying Dutchman on the Great Western Railroad, England, makes the run from London to Exeter, 194 miles, in four hours and fourteen minutes. With four stops it attains a speed of almost 46 miles an hour. A train on the Great Northern Road makes the distance from London to Leeds, 187 miles, in four hours—almost 47 miles an hour, with four stops. The train carrying the Irish mail to Holyhead, over the London and North-western line, and dubbed "The Wild Irishman," has now sunk into comparative obscurity with its rate of a little less than 40 miles an hour. The morning express on the Great Northern Road makes only four stops along the line from London to Edinburgh,

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Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.
Rev. P. C. Wessinger and J. D. Shortess, Preachers. Rev. J. D. Shortess will preach next Sunday evening.

Methodist.
Rev. Furman Adams, Preacher-in-charge. Sunday School at 11 1/2 P. M.—John Kimport, Supt. Missionary Society meets on the second Monday evening of each month.

Reformed.
Rev. Zeigler A. Yearick, Pastor. Preaching in Aaronburg next Sunday morning at 10 A. M. English.

United Brethren.
Rev. Shannon, Preacher-in-charge. Preaching next Sunday morning.

Lutheran.
Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor. Communion services in Aaronburg next Sunday morning, German, and in the evening English. Preparatory services in German, Sunday afternoon. Preaching also on Friday evening.

Ladies' Bible Society meets on the first Monday evening of each month.

United Sunday School.
Meets at 9 A. M.—H. K. Luse, Supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 935, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. Hartman, Sec. W. L. Bright, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. O. H. meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1 1/2 P. M. and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1 1/2 P. M.
D. L. Zerby, Sec. T. G. Ehrhard, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. Walter, Sec. B. O. Deininger, Pres.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
B. Hartman, Sec. John Kretner, Pres.

The Philadelphia Times is getting impatient in trying to explain to some of its readers for the twentieth time what a Congressman-at-Large is. The Times is much at fault in adhering sternly to one and the same explanation throughout. Why not give a variety in definition, a la Webster, and let each "constant reader" adapt the one best suited to his taste? For example:

CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE, a large congressman, i. e. of large and hand some person, large abilities, large experience, large patriotism, liberal views and broad sympathies. Just such a congressman like the Hon. A. G. Curtin.

1. A member of congress let loose like a wild beast that has escaped its cage and broken away from its keeper, terrorizing entire communities, like the monster snake near Minersville, or the wild hogs of New Jersey.

2. A kind of surplus member, who fancy that he represents an entire state in a general way but no fixed district in particular. In Pennsylvania it means the twenty-eighth man out of twenty-seven. This absurd state of affairs is all the fault of Governor Hoyt, who is too blunt to see that we are entitled to twenty-eight members and have only twenty-seven districts. Moreover he stubbornly refuses to call together the legislature in extra session, who would cheerfully remedy the great evil and perform sundry other valuable services besides. What is a Governor good for?

CHAIRMAN BOGERT has completed arrangements with the Pennsylvania, the Reading and Lehigh Valley Railroads for half-fare tickets for delegates to the Democratic State Convention. Those entitled to the computation in fares can upon application to Mr. Bogert receive orders to the local agents, which will secure them.

The Philadelphia Press now looks to Gov. Hoyt as the political Moses to help the discordant party out of the desert. He is asked to call an entirely new state convention which is to join and fit the broken fragments of the party together. There is hardly enough prepared glue in the market to make it all stick.

Senator Anthony was re-elected to the U. S. Senate from Rhode Island for a full term of six years. He is the oldest member of the senate, having served for twenty-four consecutive years.

The Independent Republicans opened the campaign at a lively rate at Pittsburg, on Tuesday evening the 13th inst. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held, over which the Hon. J. K. Moorhead presided. Senator John Stewart, candidate for Governor, Col. Duff, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and Col. McMichael, candidate for Congressman-at-Large, were present and made ringing speeches. Especially did Mr. Stewart's speech elicit popular sympathy and enthusiastic applause. We will quote but one of the senator's many telling points:

Please explain, if you can, the sincerity or consistency of a convention which would adopt such a civil service platform as that adopted at Harrisburg and at the same time applaud an administration which deals in "practical politics" only. But that is not all; within a week after the adjournment of the convention our senior Senator showed his faith in its platform by pressing to a confirmation the suspended appointments and starting the gull-gone afresh. Nor is this all; ten days ago, in the city of Harrisburg, my distinguished competitor, General Beaver, the nominee of the Harrisburg Convention, in a public speech, as if to show that he had independence, too, and an honesty and candor of speech superior to the men who nominated him, boldly declared that the civil service was "wisely administered." The convention which nominated him declared it was not wisely administered. [Laughter and cheers.] It saw abuses. General Beaver sees none. It declared reform; General Beaver can find nothing to reform. It declared that public offices must not be used for personal political ends; General Beaver holds otherwise, and sees with perfect and absolute satisfaction the patronage of an administration and the spoils of an administration to a political boss, to place where they will do the most good, not for the public, but to sustain and support an autocratic power upon which my distinguished friend has relied too much for his own promotion. [Great applause.]

The labor men had a monster demonstration at Pittsburg on Saturday. Large delegations from Wheeling, Steubenville, Mansfield, Midway and other places, attended. A procession was formed in the afternoon and it is estimated that fully 10,000 men were in ranks, representing some eighty different labor organizations. These were largely composed of the "strikers," who have quit work and ask for higher wages. Bands of music and banners with a variety of mottoes and devices, for example a Skeleton, "In God we Trust," "Give us this day our daily bread," "United action will banish cheap labor," were distributed at intervals through the large procession, which was an hour and a half in passing a given point. Good order prevailed and no forbearance of any kind occurred. The special object of such an imposing demonstration does not appear very clearly, and what about come of the many and extensive strikes throughout the entire country will be remains to be seen. They are very unfortunate at best, and at this particular time when there is a general shrinkage in business all over the country, they are both unseasonable and unwise. At least such is the universal opinion of conservative men.

News Miscellany.

A Wild Man on the California Coast.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

While hunting for deserters from a ship at Guaymas, a few days ago, the searchers discovered a man covered from head to foot with long shaggy hair, of a reddish color. On their approaching him he commenced to run, and they chased him, followed him for a distance of a mile or more to the beach, where he jumped from rock to rock with the agility of a chamois and was soon lost to sight behind a jutting point. They afterward discovered the cave which he inhabits, the floor being covered with skins, and the indications were that he subsisted entirely upon raw fish. Organized efforts will be made to capture him.

Three Murderers Lynched in Kansas.

LAWRENCE, Kan., June 11.—Peter Vineyard, Geo. Robinson and Ike King all colored, were taken from jail here yesterday morning, at 1 o'clock, by a crowd of vigilantes, and hanged from the bridge. Robinson pleaded for his life and fell on his knees three times while being taken to the point of execution. King said, when he was about to drop: "Boys, let me down easy." The men beyond said: "Did you let Bausman down easy?" The necks of Vineyard and Robinson were broken, but King's was not. Vineyard had his life insured for \$5000. The crime for which these three men were thus summarily punished was the murder of David Bausman, of Southern Ohio, a well-to-do farmer. Bausman came here about a week ago on a visit to relatives in the country, became intoxicated and was lured to the river bank by a degraded daughter of Vineyard, where the three murdered and robbed the victim. All confessed their guilt after arrest.

Good Advice Elsewhere.

Judge Handley, of Scranton, at a recent session of court, warned the grand jury against talking in bar-rooms of what had transpired in the jury room.

STIRKING ADVENTURE.

Business caused W. L. Renfro, who lives on Rocky creek, near Dublin, Georgia, to be out late on Saturday night, the 3rd inst. As he was riding in the moon light along the creek, with his dwelling a hundred yards or so in front of him, something came down on the rump of his horse like a fall in the hands of Samson. The horse sprang upward and the astonished rider was thrown against a fence. Mr. Renfro turned towards his assailant to see an enormous alligator with head up and jaws widely distended. Though it was midnight the moon was at the zenith and objects were outlined almost as clearly as if it had been noon. Renfro thought himself gone. In imagination he could feel his body confined in the saurian's paws, and only by a strong effort resisted the strange impulse of leaping into the beast's mouth, the charm being of the kind that draw one to drop from the masthead. Recovering his feet and self-possession at the same instant the man lunged at the alligator with a fencerail. The rail went into the animal's throat, but was broken like a pipe-stem. Renfro shouted for help, and while waiting for some one to come used other fence-rails to parry alligator's lungs, which, for some reason then unknown, were not as fiercely made as was expected. When his weapons came Renfro shot the beast twelve times with a revolver, four times with a shotgun and ended the battle with a broad-axe. The alligator had broken its tail when it struck the horse, which was killed. If the assault had not been crippled by its own blow, as Renfro thinks, the man might have shared the fate of the horse. The alligator was exhibited to crowds of curious persons in Dublin during last week. The scales showed his weight to be 300 pounds.

The President and Sergeant Mason's Case.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—Mr. J. G. Bigelow, counsel for Sergeant Mason, visited the White House to-day and submitted for the President's inspection a review of the case of his client and his reasons for believing that the sentence of the court-martial is void. Private Secretary Phillips promised to lay the matter before the President at the earliest opportunity and assured Mr. Bigelow that it would receive due consideration.

Justice Bradley Denies Guiteau's Application.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Justice Bradley of the United States supreme court, to whom Guiteau's counsel applied for a writ of habeas corpus, to-day filed a denial of the application with the clerk of the court. Justice Bradley holds that the court of the District of Columbia had full jurisdiction of the case, and that no reasons exists for granting the writ.

The managers of the McKean county agricultural society announce that they will furnish a minister, the wedding cake and the traveling expenses to and from the fair ground to any parties matrimonially inclined who will be married in the presence of the assembled multitude during the coming county fair.

The Independents seem to be gaining on the Stalwarts every day.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT—

Receipts and Expenditures of Millheim Borough School District, Centre County, Pa., for the year ending June 5th, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

Gross amount of Tax Duplicate for School purposes.....\$450.50
Deduct abatements.....5.33
" exorbitant, delinquencies and errors.....5.38 10.71
Total tax receipts.....\$439.88
Cash from former Treasurer.....25.14
Tuition from adjoining districts.....57.28
State ap. appropriation.....110.27
From other sources.....8.00
Total receipts.....\$650.87

EXPENDITURES.

Paid Teachers salaries.....\$405.00
" Fuel.....41.25
" Repairs.....22.33
" Salary of Secretary.....25.00
" Treasurer and Clerk.....12.25
Miscellaneous exp.....20.45 627.22
Balance in the treasury.....\$248.05
W. R. WEISER, President.

Attest: A. WALTER, Secretary.

We the undersigned, Auditors of Millheim Borough Centre County, having carefully examined the above accounts of the Treasurer, and persons correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.
J. R. BAIR, B. O. DEININGER, J. H. BARTMAN, Auditors.
June 6th 1882.

ORPHANS COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued by the Orphans Court of Centre county, the subscribers, administrators of the estate of Adam Zerby, of Penn township, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises, on Saturday Aug. 25th, 1882, the following described real estate, viz: No 1. A message, tenement and tract of land in Penn township bounded on the North by lands of Geo. W. Foster and Jacob Gentzel, on the east by lands of Gentzel Brothers, on the South by lands of Neese & Mitchell, widow Krater et al, and on the west by lands of Thomas Gentzel and Daniel Smith's heirs—containing about 72 acres more or less, of which 16 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, the balance being timbered with white pine and hemlock. Thereon erected two good dwelling houses, barn and all necessary out-buildings, saw mill and orchard of choice fruit.
No 2. A tract of timber land in Gregg township, bounded on the north by lands of L. & T. R. B. & J. B. Heckman, east by lands of David Smith and Charles Snyder, south by lands of E. F. Jamison and Charles Andara, and west by lands of Peter A. Couler, containing 20 acres more or less.
Terms: One third of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, one third in one year thereafter, and one third in two years, all with interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
H. T. ZEBBY, D. L. ZEBBY, Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Kretner, late of Haines township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JACOB KETNER, Administrator.
Haines twp., May 11th, 1882.

All persons having unsettled accounts with deceased are hereby requested to present them for settlement at his late residence on Saturday, May 27th, inst.

JACOB KETNER.

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

LEAVE WESTWARD.				
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Montandon.....	7:05	9:40	2:05	7:55
Lewisburg.....	7:25	10:05	2:20	
Fair Ground.....	7:30	10:13	2:25	
Yickburg.....	7:40	10:27	2:35	
Millburg.....	7:45	10:30	2:40	
Millmont.....	8:22			
Laurelton.....	8:33			
Wiker Run.....	8:47			
Cherry Run.....	8:55			
Powder.....	9:35			
Coburn.....	9:45			
Spring Mills.....	10:16			

LEAVE EASTWARD.				
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Spring Mills.....	8:50	1:50		
Coburn.....	9:18			
Powder.....	9:28			
Cherry Run.....	9:48			
Wiker Run.....	9:55			
Laurelton.....	10:05			
Millmont.....	10:20			
Millburg.....	8:00	11:45	4:15	
Yickburg.....	8:15	12:10	4:32	
Biehl.....	8:20	12:17	4:38	
Fair Ground.....	8:30	12:23	4:45	
Lewisburg.....	8:35	12:30	4:50	7:30
Montandon ar. 6:45 ar. 9:00 ar. 1:05 ar. 3:20 ar. 7:40				

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie and West. 3 and 4 with Shore Express East. 5 and 6 with Day Express and Niagara Express West. 7 and 8 with First Line West. 9 and 10 with Williamsport Accommodation East.

Official Announcement.

Change of Time on Phila. & Erie R. R. JUNE 5, 1882.

Sea Shore Express leaves Montandon at 9:07 A. M., stopping at intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg 11:40 A. M., Philadelphia 3:20 P. M., New York 6:55 P. M., making close connection at Philadelphia for all sea shore points.

Day Express leaves Montandon at 1:30 P. M., stopping at principal stations, arriving at Harrisburg 3:55 P. M., Philadelphia 7:35 P. M., New York 10:35 P. M., Baltimore 7:30 P. M., Washington 8:47 P. M. Parlor Car through to Philadelphia.

Williamsport Accommodation leaves Montandon at 7:45 P. M., stopping at intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg 10:25, Philadelphia 2:55 A. M., New York 4:15 A. M. Sleeping car accommodations can be secured on this train at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 A. M.

Erie Mail and Fast Line East will be consolidated into one train, leaving Montandon at 1:30 A. M., stopping at principal stations, arriving at Harrisburg 4:05 A. M., Philadelphia 7:30 A. M., New York 10:25 A. M., Baltimore 7:40 A. M., Washington 9:02 A. M. Through sleeping cars will be run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

WESTWARD.

Erie Mail leaves Montandon at 6:52 A. M., for Erie and intermediate points, Canandaigua and intermediate points.

Niagara Express leaves Montandon at 2:00 P. M., for Kane and intermediate points, Canandaigua and intermediate points.

Fast Line leaves Montandon at 5:50 P. M., for Lock Haven and intermediate points, Watkins and intermediate points.

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Statement Headings

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All the latest Designs

in Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Ebony. We make a

Local Department.

—Our genial friend, Gen. Heckman, of Logansville, was in town on Monday.

—Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. Geo. Foote of Millinburg, is in town visiting friends.

—Dr. John F. Harter is fast acquiring a reputation as a skillful dentist. Chip out of the old block.

—The authorities of Lebanon and Lewistown have forbidden the 4th of July fire-cracker nuisance.

—D. I. Brown keeps a large and excellent assortment of all kinds of tin-ware and sells really cheap. Patronize home industry.

—The work on the Lutheran church is progressing favorably. The frame work of the steeple is up and the plasterers are calling for "murt."

—P. H. Musser is always ready to serve his customers in best style. A full line of watches, clocks and jewelry constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

—Delightful growing weather here now. Grass and grain fields appear just splendid, while corn and potatoes are doing their level best to make up for lost time.

—John K. Bair offers his services to the public as horse doctor. He has years of experience in the business and will do his utmost to give satisfaction to all that will patronize him.

—The administrators of Adam Zerby, deceased, will offer some valuable property at public sale on Saturday Aug 5th. See notice in an other column and sale bills.

—A sensation was caused among business circles in Bellefonte, last week by the news that Mr. Isaac Guggenheimer had failed. It was altogether an unexpected event by the community.

—Miss Strohm's school will have a basket picnic in Gephart's woods on Saturday. We have not learned the details of the intended festival but hope the dear little folks may enjoy themselves all the same.

—The Entertainment by the Reformed Sunday School of Aaronburg, next Saturday evening promises to be an enjoyable affair and should be well patronized for the special reason that the proceeds will be used to replenish the library.

—Somebody or other is continually growling about the weather. Why can't we take it as it comes, men and brethren, whether rain or shine? He who controls nature's laws will do it according to his good pleasure, whether it always suits us or not.

—J. A. Limbert, the mail contractor on the route between Coburn and Woodward, is prepared to carry express packages and other goods to all points along the route at reasonable charges. All business entrusted to him will be punctually attended to.

—Prof. Kurzknabe is hereby tendered our thanks for a copy of a new music book called *Peerless Praise*, of which he is the author. The book has a most excellent variety of music, mostly original and we recommend it to our Sunday Schools as one of the best out.

—Just a few lines in the local columns of the JOURNAL brought Dr. Bair lots of business, and Frank Kister the needed journeyman. Don't tell them that advertising don't pay. The Doctor has a big notion to buy a new suit and Frank positively says he will make us a stylish pair of new boots. Whew!

ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday Mr. Thomas Sholl, who was working for John Seiler, in Poe Valley, had two fingers on his left hand cut nearly off. Another man working on the saw mill below Paddy's Tunnel, had his arm broken by an accident the particulars of which we did not learn.

—The Phillipsburg Journal is trying to make people believe that this is the year for the triennial assessments. That's not the understanding in these diggings, Mr. Namesake. However if it ought to have been made in 1879, as you say Atorney General Palmer decided, you may be right. Who knows, who can tell?

LEWIN.—of the Philadelphia Branch Clothing Store, is one of the most accommodating merchants one can meet. He will cheerfully show his goods, even if you do not buy. But you will almost surely return and buy at the Branch, after having priced goods elsewhere. Clothing, hats and caps and gents' furnishing goods of every grade and price cheaper than the cheapest.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—An edict signed by the Czar, and published in the official Gazette of St. Petersburg, virtually bankrupts every wealthy Jew in Russia. It provisionally suspends all payment for contracts or debts due to Jews, prohibits them from settling outside towns and villages, and otherwise provides for their speedy extirpation throughout Czarism.

A fearful storm has again swept over the storm-stricken west, causing great destruction to life and property. On Saturday St. Louis, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Iowa City were each visited by severe storms, causing much damage and some loss of life, but the tornado in Iowa on Sunday must have been fearful. The following brief account we clip from the patriot of Monday:

Frightful Loss of Life in Iowa.

DES MOINES, June 18.—A tornado swept through Central Iowa late last night from the northwest to the southeast for twenty miles north of Des Moines. The town of Grinnell was struck by it, and the half of the town was left in ruins. The first startling reports of the loss of life were soon confirmed, and later and authentic reports swell the list of dead at Grinnell to about forty, with several severely hurt and the Cornell college buildings ruined. Eight at least were also killed at Malcolm station and several living in the farming district.

There was quite an excitement in Sunbury on Tuesday over the sinking of the first crib of the new railroad bridge. A large number of people were on the wharves and banks watching the operation. The stone used to sink the crib were procured at Blue Hill. The diver, clad in his gum suit and helmet of glittering copper, was the object of admiration of all the small boys, and they were on hand in force. The large stone for building the piers have not been contracted for as yet, although there is some talk of getting them from near Lewistown. After considerable work the crib was sunk to its proper position, it fitting on the bottom perfectly.—Sunbury Democrat.

—If petty thieving continues here as it has been going on for some weeks, our borough fathers ought to appoint night police. Campbell's corn and flour Walter's lard and ham, Kister's boots and shoes, Dave Ulrich's chickens, Wm. H. Smith's ham and coffee, and the editor's coat and "snits" have all gone where the woodbine twineth. Of course all but the last named victim can well afford to stand these little losses, but when people begin to steal from poor printers they must indeed be very hard up or else most desperately wicked. It shows a lack of discrimination and depth of depravity that is absolutely appalling, even in these degenerate days. No, there can be too much even of a good thing, and we seriously submit the matter to the consideration of our council.

—Sunbury is fast becoming a big place, as will be seen from the notice below. The Sunburys had better get a law passed declaring the ancient burg a seaport, which would give them a score of revenue officers to spend fat salaries among its business men and hotels. But before they do that they should compel their "stinking stinky" council to get a street sprinkler!

The steamboat "Louie" has been leased by the P. & R. Engineers to run between Sunbury and Lewistown, daily except Sunday. Passengers will be taken for Northumberland, Winfield and Lewistown. The boat will leave at 7 a. m. from the foot of Market street. Returning, it will leave Lewistown 10 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. for Sunbury. The fare is, Northumberland, 10 cents; Winfield 15 cents, and Lewistown, 25 cents. Charles Grant, Engineer; Chas. F. Hewitt, Pilot.

—On the 27th of June instant, Iowa will vote on the ratification of an amendment to her Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages within the state. The liquor fraternity all over the county are fully alive to the important bearing of this event on their business, and are pouring both money and speakers into the state to effect the vote. The temperance people also, are vigilant and hopeful.

The 147 W. C. Temperance Unions of Penna. have been called upon to meet for prayer on the day of voting. Will not all pastors and christian people give their encouragement and co-operation? Where a special service is not practicable we earnestly request that the coming struggle be made the topic for the regular prayermeeting immediately preceding the 27th. And will our brethren and pastors, suffer the suggestion that June 25th be made Temperance Sabbath over our state? Please preach on temperance and pray publicly for Iowa.

FRANCIS E. SWIFT,
President Penna. W. C. T. U.
ELLEN M. WATSON, Cor. Sec.
SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

This is the last week of the Spring term of Spring Mills Academy, and it has been a very successful one.

Mr. J. G. Evans & lady are off on a trip to the west and purpose staying some time. Wish them much pleasure.

Mr. Charles F. Hennich is making brick on a rather large scale, having orders for over 200,000, but the weather thus far has not been very favorable for the business.

Mr. Jas. D. Gentzel while at work at George Gentzel's house, fell from a scaffold, which gave way, about fifteen feet. He is pretty badly used up but able to be about.

Last Friday evening during the heavy thunder storm the lightning struck the barn of Mr. Wm. F. Reaick. It was a cold stroke but knocked shingles, boards and studding into kindling.

SAM PATCH.

—Our Town Council at their meeting on Monday evening voted to have sidewalks built on North street from William Miller's barn to a point opposite Samuel Otto's house, and from a point opposite John G. Musser's house to Jacob Alter's, all on the east side of road. The walk is to have a railing to make it secure against accidents.

Crossings were also voted at the following points: Between J. W. Adams and W. H. Reifsnnyder, John Breen and Joseph Swanger, Peter Wallis and David Sholl, Geo. Harter and Jonathan Kremer, Allison Miller and Henry Royer, J. H. Swartz and J. C. Springer.

A tax rate of 4 mills will be necessary to cover annual expenses and costs of the election contest.

Written for the JOURNAL.
COMMENCEMENT AT NEW BERLIN, PA.

NEOCOSMIAN LITERARY ANNIVERSARY.

On the eve of June 9th the Anniversary exercises of the Neocosmian Literary Society took place.

The weather was very pleasant during the day and a western breeze made it cool enough to enjoy the entertainment in full on the evening.

The chapel of Union Seminary was filled with attentive hearers who had come to greet the Neocosmians again.

The programme was well arranged, and the speakers did their part with credit, and consisted of prayer by Rev. H. W. Gross; Salutatory by J. W. Berge; Journal by G. Holtzopf; Recitation by R. Schoch; Journal by J. L. Gardner; Essay by J. C. Grubb; Recitation by R. Mann; Journey to the North Pole by J. W. Berge; Presentation by J. C. Grubb; Charade—Aunt Betsy's Beau; Neocosmian Oration by R. C. Hollenbaugh; Benediction by Prof. Goble.

Music was furnished by the Middleburg Cornet Band. The entertainment was a success, cheering to all present, and reflects credit on the "boys."

"Onward" is the motto of this worthy Literary Band.

EXCELSIOR LITERARY ANNIVERSARY.

On Saturday morning, June 10th, "Old Sol" sent forth again his delightful rays of light and warmth, yet by 2 P. M. the gentle rains fell thus watering this part of old mother earth.

At about 7 P. M. the rains ceased and, as New Berlin scarcely ever has muddy roads, made it the more pleasant for the Entertainment of the Excelsior Literary Society.

With "the shades of night" came the crowd of attendants, filling to its utmost, the chapel of "Old Union Sem."

Music was again furnished by the cornet band, and after prayer by the Rev. H. B. Hartzler, D. D. of the Evangelical Messenger, the Salutatory was delivered by T. C. Conser. The Scientific Gem by F. Longsdorf. Debate by C. B. Witmer (aff.) and D. L. Kepner (neg.); Prophecy by D. B. Klinger. Sentiments of 76 by A. Boy From Home; Valedictory by M. C. Gephart, and Benediction by Rev. J. Young.

The programme was nicely and well arranged and was suited to the wants of the light-hearted and sober-minded. Each part was performed with effect, in Mirth or Sobriety. Longfellow's Boy, Excelsior they love and "Higher" they strive to climb.

(To be concluded next week.)

Starvation in Virginia.

Advices from Patrick county, Virginia, on the southern border of the state, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, give the distressing information that from five to eight thousand people are actually starving for want of food. Corn meal and flour cannot be obtained for love or money. The crops last fall were almost a failure. Not a drop of rain fell from early in April to October. The ground became as dry as powder. Corn withered and died. Almost everything green was burned up by the hot rays of the sun and the farmers were able to save but little from their fields of wheat. This little lasted them through the winter, but it has long since given out. For some time past the people have been living on the scanty supplies forwarded from Danville and Richmond. But these were not sufficient to go around, and now several thousand people are not only suffering for want of food but starvation stares them in the face. Indeed, there have been a number of deaths already, directly traceable to the lack of food.

Over a thousand bushels of corn have already been forwarded from Danville and this does not include contributions from Richmond. But these supplies are but a drop in the bucket. The appeals for help come pouring in day by day and must continue until the latter part of July, when the new crops can be depended upon. The famine is widespread. It not only effects the poor, but strikes home at the well-to-do. There are many families in Patrick county who are in very comfortable circumstances as far as money goes, but money does not help them now. There is no food to be bought unless ordered from some distant point.

Most of the distributions of provisions are made at Patrick Court House. Supplies are sent by rail to Burnt Chimneys, in Henry county, and then hauled in wagons. People who have visited the famine-stricken county tell sorrowful tales of the sights witnessed. Farmers along the country roads, suffering for want of food, will not be able to harvest their crops unless help reaches them. Their pinched faces

speak the suffering which they are forced to endure. Some of them have not seen a loaf of bread for many a day. These facts are not exaggerating in the least. The appeals which come up from the famine-stricken region tell the tale of distress. When a wagon of corn arrives at Patrick Court House people cannot wait to be served. They thrust their hands into the bags and know at the kernels to alleviate their hunger. A peck of corn is a prize which will bring a man many a mile. It is sorrowful to see children, with their wan faces, eagerly grasping a handful of the golden treasure and carefully guarding every kernel. They cannot wait for the corn to be ground. Two or three hundred men and women are continually waiting at Patrick Court House and praying for succor. When provisions arrive and they go to their homes their places are taken by others. Anything in the way of food is acceptable. Flour and corn is needed above everything else.

The borough of York will vote upon the question of becoming a city at the next general election.

A factory for the manufacture of artificial stone is in operation at Harrisburg.

The other Friday an alligator fourteen feet in length was seen in the Susquehanna near Wilkesbarre.

The Supreme Court decided that a passenger who jumps from a moving train and is injured, cannot recover damages, although the train has failed to stop at the station where he should be let off.

A thoughtful person suggests that everyone before going boat-sailing, this summer, should leave his name, address and a brief sketch of his life at the nearest newspaper office—not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith and to save the coroner trouble.

DIED.

On the 11th inst., in Lewisburg, Thos. P. Wagner, Esq., formerly Sheriff of Union county, aged 44 years, 6 months and 10 days.
On the 11th inst., in New Berlin, Mr. Henry Solomon, aged 61 years, 8 months and 9 days.
On the 11th inst., in New Berlin, Rev. A. B. Casper, aged 71 years, 7 months and 2 days.
On the 10th inst., near Rebersburg, Melvin Clyde, son of R. D. and Paulina Barry, aged 4 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Millheim Market.

Correlated every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.	
Wheat	1.15
Corn	.85
Eye	.90
Oats White	.50
Barley	.65
Flour	6.25
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25.00
Salt, per Brl.	1.75
Plaster, ground	5.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	.85
Flaxseed	2.00
Cloverseed	.00 to 5.00
Butter	5.20
Eggs	12
Hams	16
Pork	12
Beef	20
Lard	1.00
Potatoes	13
Soap	6
Dried Apples	6
Dried Peaches	6
Dried Cherries	6

COAL MARKET AT COLUMBIA.	
Egg Coal	\$5.00
Stove	\$5.20
Chestnut	\$4.80
Peb.	\$4.50
Pea by the car load	\$3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

SUMMER RESORT

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.,
THIRTEEN MILES OF THE
LEWISBURG & TYRONER R. R.
AND SIX MILES FROM MILLHEIM.

This is a new house and newly furnished with everything tending to comfort and convenience of guests. The air is invigorating and perfectly free from malaria, and particularly favorable for the restoration to health of persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints, Malarial disorders and Hay Fever. Near by the celebrated Penn Caves, surpassing anything of the kind known—sailing miles underground—and inspecting halls of great wonder of gone by ages. Carriages to the cave daily. The table is plentifully supplied with meats, milk and fresh vegetables and fruits in season, healthful, prepared and tastefully served. (Good stabling accommodations.)

POPULAR PRICES:
Per day, (less than a week).....\$2.00
Per week, (less than a month).....6.00
Per month.....20.00
All inquiries as to Rooms and Board will be promptly answered.
GEO. B. NASH, Manager.

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Millinery Goods
is a collection from which all tastes may be suited. It embraces a full line of
Leghorns, Chip, Tuscan, Straw,
and all the new styles and colors.
MY PRICES ARE VERY LOW!!!
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Untrimmed Goods, Silk Trimmings, Artificial Flowers, and everything belonging to my line. Your trade respectfully solicited.
MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER,
PENN STREET,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. J. W. STAM
is now permanently located at
MILLHEIM,
and will give prompt attention to all medical calls at his office in
C. F. Deininger's house on Main Street.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER
GEPHART & MUSSER
DEALERS IN

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Flour, &
Feed.
Coal,
Plaster
& Salt
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Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN,
Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT
Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.
A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

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Millheim, Centre Co., Penna.

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PROPRIETORS,
would most respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture everything in their line of first class quality. They have found a superior kind of clay and will constantly keep on hand a full line of
CROCKERY, BREAD & PIE
DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOW-
ER POTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.
Ystopping to merit the confidence of the public at furnishing the best article of ware they would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage.

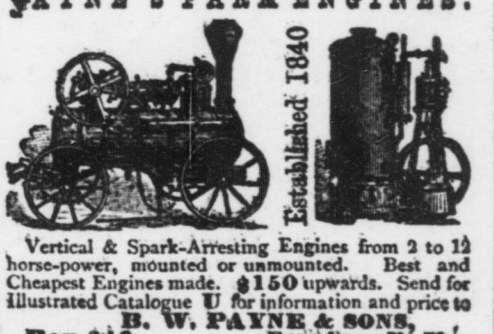


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Our first instalments of New Spring Goods are sold out, compelling us to make a Second Trip to the Eastern Cities, which goods will Arrive during this week.

Space will not admit what Bargains we have got. Sufficient to say, with our increased business facilities our patrons will always find the Largest and Best Assortment of
MILLINERY GOODS!

Hats, Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed, Feathers, Flowers, Silks, Satins, Ribbon in all New Shades, Laces, Embroideries Dress Trimmings in endless variety, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets Ladies and Children's Shoes, Looking Glasses and

New Goods received every day
THROUGHOUT THE SEASON.
A Simple Fact We can't be Undersold.

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224 Market St., Lewisburg, Pa.

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IS A JOY FOREVER!

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Comprises some of the most elegant and genteel styles of

SUITS I

We have ever offered, and while we have elevated the quality and style, we have

KEPT DOWN THE PRICE!

We have many advantages both in purchasing and handling goods, and we propose

To Give You the Benefit!

Always ahead in Low Prices and Good Goods, what has directed the rush to our store for the past few years, and we intend to keep the crowd moving in that direction.

TRY TRADING WITH US

AND IF YOU ARE LIKE THE REST OF MANKIND, AND WE RATHER THINK YOU ARE, YOU WILL BE PLEASED WITH THE RESULT.

WHITCOMB--CLOTHIER,
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